

Battleships go to the scrap heap almost as fast as pugilists do.

Smoke costs Chicago \$21,830,000 a year, not to mention the agony.

The process of dying poor is easily achieved by nine men out of ten.

A Chicago woman takes taxicab rides to cure the blues. Not her husband's, however.

Thieves in New York stole a wagon load of cheese. The police, we presume, are on the scent.

A man went mad in a barber's chair in New York. Probably the barber was talking winter baseball gossip.

It is now possible to go around the world in less than half the time it took Jules Verne's hero to make his trip.

Possibly this world would be better off if there were no pistols in it. At least, there would be more people here.

There is more money in being an ex-king of Portugal than in being an ex-president of the United States, but there is less excitement.

Hello! Here's Vienna exceeding the 2,000,000 mark. Some of those old-world towns are getting nearly as big as a young American city.

A new golf rule reads like this: "The shaft may be fixed at the heel or at any other point in the head." Is this golf language or what is it?

A New York man who had lost his memory was found with \$60,000 in his pockets. Probably discovered on a witness stand at an investigation.

It is said that a St. Louis man kissed a girl 15,000 times in one month. Must have used a kissometer to keep the count.

It is said by a glove dealer that Chicago men have reason to be proud of their small hands. Since when have small hands been a source of masculine pride?

One of New York's millionaires is going to marry a telephone girl because she was always polite to him on the wire. Why spoil a nice polite telephone girl?

A popular danseuse makes oath that her entire property is worth only \$250, which may account for her economical use of stage dress.

The "singing sparks" invention of the German professor will have no influence on the sentimental sparking songs of the American parlor.

Madison Square garden, New York, is on sale at \$3,500,000. Anybody want a nice little garden, centrally located? Gardening is fine for the nerves, the doctors tell us.

The general manager of the Chicago telephone company says that the question, "What's the time?" is asked of his operators by Chicago subscribers no fewer than 52,000 times a day. There ought to be a good market in Chicago for clocks and watches that will keep time.

A girl in Vienna was recently fined 36 cents for scratching a man's nose in the street with her hatpin. This is the first poetic retribution which has overtaken the elongated feminine hatpin, and it is so because the enormity of the offense was equaled only by the hugeness of the fine.

Now that it has been demonstrated that cattle can be herded with an aeroplane, we may expect soon to see the police handling crowds at parades and other public celebrations in the same manner. It will be an improvement over the pushing and hauling of the method in vogue at present.

The prevalence of the bubonic plague in the east has put American health officers on their mettle. There is no occasion for special alarm, for medical skill is equal to the emergency, says the Troy Times. The fact that several cases have been discovered on incoming steamers and that effective quarantine has prevented further spread of the ailment is assurance that vigilance is maintained.

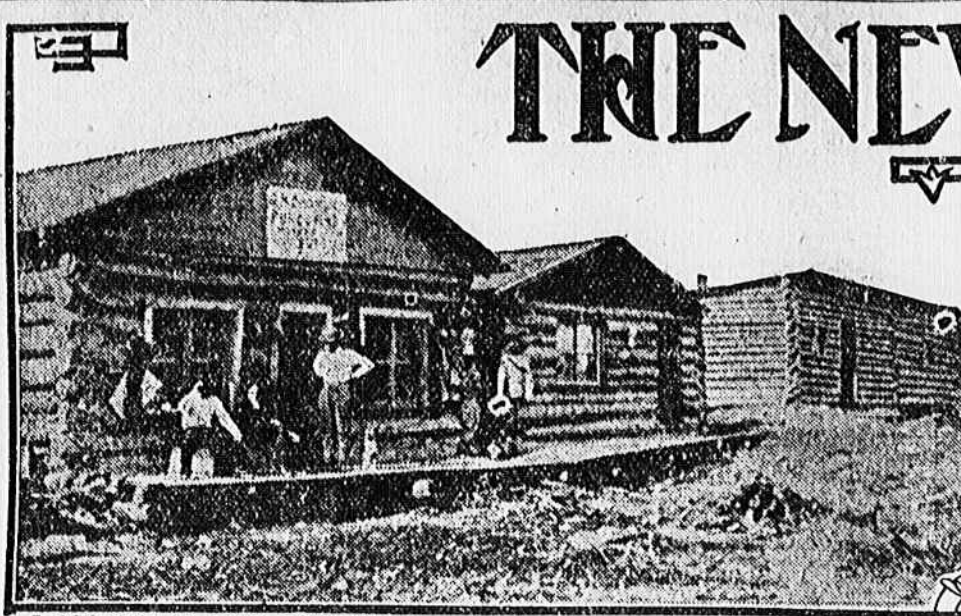
It has been judicially decided that when a man gives a girl a diamond ring as an engagement token, the ring belongs to her and she cannot be made to give it up if the engagement is broken. Soon poor mere man will be beginning to count his few remaining rights and wonder when they are all taken from him if he can accomplish anything with the dominant sex by becoming in his turn a militant suffragette.

England, and especially London, is making great plans for the coronation of King George next spring. It is expected that the gorgeous spectacle will surpass anything of the kind ever seen in the British capital, and the show will bring enormous crowds to the city. Such affairs always mean a magnificent display of British power and also big money for London merchants, hotel keepers and others. So the glad news is received with glowing anticipations.

THE NEW EL DORADO

BY EDWIN MORRIS

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A STREET IN THE PERMANENT SETTLEMENT



A HOTEL IN THE NEW EL DORADO



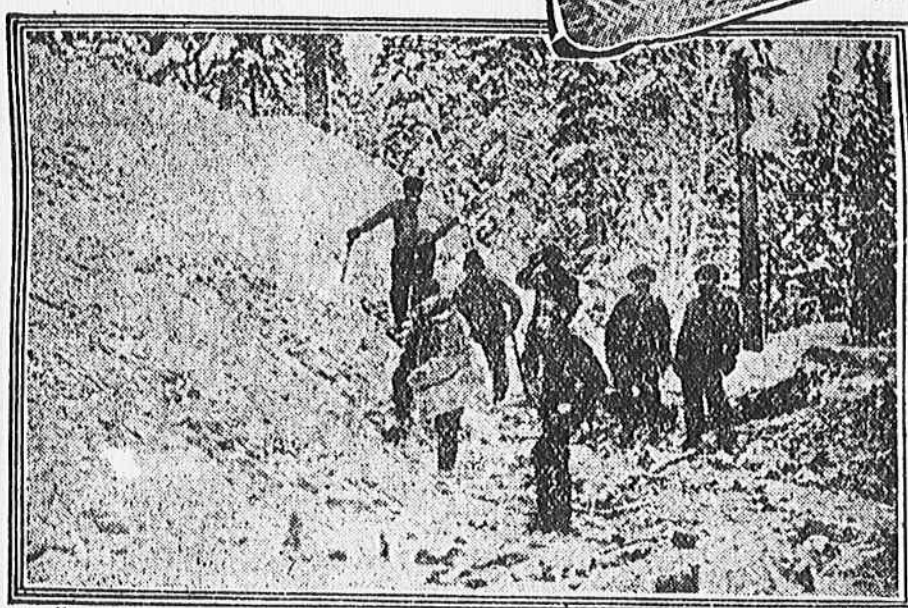
In the summer of 1909, when gold was discovered in the Porcupine Lake mining district of Canada, about 500 miles north of Toronto, the region was so inaccessible and the conditions of life were so hard that nothing except the lure of gold could have brought white men to the spot. Everywhere was a trackless, low-lying forest. Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that everywhere was a great marsh filled with trees. In the winter the temperature dropped to 60 degrees below zero and the snow rose to the forest branches. In the summer there was a pest of insects. Poisonous black flies—almost invisible because of their smallness—buzzed all the day. At night the black flies laid off and the mosquitoes came on. There was never a summer hour, by day or night, when a human being could have lived at peace; when his face would not have been stinging; when his swollen features would not have made him grotesque.

But few had ever suffered, because there were only a few to suffer. Only an occasional trapper ever penetrated the wilderness. The prospector had not come, because the prospector, as a rule, goes only where mountains beckon. The prospector did not know that mountains, like teeth, may wear off until only their roots remain. Nor did the prospector know that, in the great dentistry of nature, these mountain roots are sometimes filled with gold and silver, nickel and iron.

Yet such is the fact. When the world was young a mountain range



THE BANK OF THE GOLD CAMP



THE "DOME," 550 FEET LONG, 40 TO 80 FEET WIDE AND 20 TO 30 FEET HIGH

extended from Minnesota, across Ontario, to Labrador. Nobody but geologists make the statement with confidence. They say these mountains were the oldest mountains on the continent; that they were old when the Rockies were yet unformed; that the glacial drift and the integrating effects of untold millions of years of heat and cold have worn them away until only the "roots" remain; and they point to the roots as proof of their theory.

The roots are there. Anybody can see them. Some of them are below the surface, some are above. Over most of the roots are a few feet of earth, but here and there, a huge shoulder of rock thrusts itself above the surface; here and there a great ledge plows its way through the forests and then disappears in the marsh; and nowhere can one dig far without coming to rock.

A singular incident explains, perhaps, why these mountain roots were not permitted to remain untouched for another hundred million years. The incident had its inspiration in politics. The Ontario government felt that it was losing strength with the farmers. Wise men in the ministry looked around to see what could be done. The farmers in the "clay belt" had been clamoring for a railroad. The ministry decided that it would be good politics to give it to them. So it was decided to build a railroad from North Bay, on the shores of Lake Nipissing, to connect with the great transcontinental line, under construction farther north.

It was while this railroad was building that Fred La Rose, a member of the construction gang, blasted his way into an old mountain root, made himself rich, made Cobalt, made more than a score of multimillionaires and caused Canada, which had produced almost no silver, to produce 12 per cent. of the world's output. Two men, in six days, trundled out \$57,000 worth of silver with a wheelbarrow. As an indirect result Sudbury became the world's chief producer of nickel.

All of which seemed to be against the rules made and provided by nature. Canada had never been known as a silver country. Near Cobalt there was nothing on the surface to indicate that silver might be near. But no eye had seen below the surface. No mind had dreamed of the gold and silver filled roots of worn-off mountains. An explanation was required—and geologists who examined the formations gave it.

The geological assurance that the entire region might be sprinkled with precious metals quickly caused the country around Cobalt to be prospected. But prospecting in forest-covered marshes does not proceed rapidly. Not until the summer of 1909 did prospectors push 250 miles northward, to the region of Porcupine Lake.

There is about as much uncertainty with re-

gard to who first discovered gold in Porcupine as there is with regard to who discovered America. George Bannerman, however, appears to be the Columbus of the occasion. Bannerman, an old prospector, in July, 1909, scraped the moss from a bit of the surface of a projecting rock and saw wet flakes of shining gold staring up at him from the quartz. But the first great discovery was made by a gang of prospectors headed by Jack Wilson. Wilson, or one of his subordinates—no two reports on this point are alike—found the great "Dome" that bears Wilson's name. The "Dome" is a ridge of rock, 550 feet long, 40 to 80 feet wide, 20 to 30 feet above ground, and no one yet knows how deep, that is heavily laden with gold. Pull the moss from it anywhere and there is gold.

Nothing in the history of gold mining better illustrates the eccentricities of gold miners than the discovery of the "Dome." The discovering party consisted of three men, headed by Jack Wilson. The expedition was financed by a Chicago man named Edwards, who was engaged in the manufacture of lighting fixtures. Edwards was to put up all the money in return for a half interest in anything that might be discovered. Wilson was to have a quarter interest and each of the other two an eighth.

For several weeks they prospected, first to the east of Porcupine Lake, in Whitney township, then to the west, in Tisdale township. They found gold and staked some claims. But the great "Dome," although they camped, some of the time, within sight of it, almost escaped them. It was finally discovered, according to the story that is generally believed, only because one of Wilson's subordinates stumbled across it. He was not a miner, knew nothing about geology, but did know enough to scrape off moss. Also, he had eyes. When the moss was off he could not help seeing the gold. The great ridge that was henceforth to be known as the "Wilson Dome" had been found. Stakes were driven and claim laid to the huge boulder.

Perhaps the most remarkable story, however, that has come out of the Porcupine was told by a prospector named "Bill" Woodney.

A mining man whom I believe to be reliable told me that Bill came to him one day and showed him a remarkably rich piece of gold quartz, at the same time asking him where he supposed it came from.

"Not from anywhere in Canada," was the reply. "I thought you would say that," was the comment, "but you are wrong."

Then "Bill" told his story.

He said the quartz was given to him by a widow. Her husband had been accidentally killed a short time before she gave it to him. The widow told him that the quartz came from a vein near Lake Abitibi, a frigid sheet of water up toward Hudson's Bay, 300 miles north of Cobalt. Her husband and two other men whom she named had found the vein. They had not staked their claims and registered them with the government at Toronto, because such registration would have been a notification to the world that they had found gold in the region. Winter was near when the discovery was made and they wanted to return in the spring,

prospect the country thoroughly and stake out everything in sight.

During the following winter the husband of the woman who was so soon to become a widow was seriously injured in a mill. In a few days he realized that death was near. He sent for the two prospectors who had accompanied him to Lake Abitibi. They came.

"Boys," said he, "I guess I've got to die. I can't go back with you in the spring to stake the claims. I want you to promise me that if I die you will give the old woman a third of what we found last year."

The men promised. The wife heard them. But she didn't believe them. The widow had told Bill who the men were. He knew them. He knew where they were working. Bill hired out in the same place. In the course of a few weeks one of them told him that they were going to quit at a certain time in the spring and take a long canoe and hunting trip in the country far to the north.

That was good enough clew for Bill. Two weeks before the announced time for the men to start Woodney quit his job, packed his kit and started for Lake Abitibi himself.

When he reached the lake he drew his canoe from the water, hid it in the "bush," as Canadians call a forest, and prepared to wait.

On the eighth day of his vigil, as he was peering out of the bushes, he saw the sight that he had waited so long to see. Down the placid river came two canoes, cutting their ways through the cool waters and leaving rathron wakes in the rear.

Late in the afternoon Bill saw the two specks disappear in what seemed to be an inlet.

The first night there was no fire, but the next day Bill saw a blue spiral of smoke curling from the bushes back of the lake.

For five days and nights the fires burned. Then there was no more fire, day or night. Evidently the men had gone. Bill wanted to be sure, so he waited three more days. Then he went down to the lake where his canoe was hidden, put it into the water, took pains to observe that there was on the lake no sign of human life, then slowly paddled his way along the shore, looking for the inlet.

Bill was paddling as quietly as he could when, at the "knuckle" of the water finger—a point where the inlet was not more than 50 feet wide—he suddenly saw on the left bank—the two prospectors! The next instant one of them threw an ax at Bill's canoe that all but cut it in two and sunk it as quickly as a mine could sink a battleship.

Woodney doesn't know yet why he is alive. He seemed to have no chance to live. It was two against one and the one was in the water. So were his food, his weapons and his tools. If he were not murdered during the next second it seemed certain that he would starve during the next month. Not that he thought out all of these things while he was sinking. He thought out nothing. All he did was to act first and think afterward. A few strokes with his hands and a few kicks with his feet put him against the bank. No rabbit ever took a trail faster than Bill took to the brush.

The rest of this story can be told in short sentences. Hunger, within the next forty-eight hours, drove Woodney into the very camp of the men who would have slain him. He crept up to them, late at night, and stole their food. He could not steal much at a time, but he stole enough to keep him alive. He stole, not once, but three times. The next time he went to steal they were not there. They had pulled up camp and gone, bag and baggage. He took his life in his hands the next day and went down to see the claims they had staked. He didn't find a stick or a sign of a claim. He couldn't even find anything himself that seemed worth claiming.

The prospectors never returned. Whether they were upset and drowned in one of the many rapids; whether they fell to fighting and killed each other, no one knows. Nor have they ever filed a claim to go bodies along Lake Abitibi.

Spring Medicine

There is no other season when medicine is so much needed as in the spring. The blood is impure and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples, boils and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength.

The best spring medicine, according to the experience and testimony of thousands annually, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purifies and enriches the blood, cures eruptions, builds up the system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs.

The Practical Agriculturist. Adam sniffed at the book farmer. "I don't believe in spraying apple trees," he snorted.

In the Spring cleanse the system and purify the blood by the use of Garfield Tea.

It's easy for a pretty young widow to make a man think he wants to marry her.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your druggist will refund money if 14 DAYS' treatment fails to cure any case of itching, blood, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Severe Critics. Alice—I like Tom immensely, and he's very much of a gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself! Grace—Yes, dear, your night hath a thousand I's.—Puck.

THE HAPPY MAN.



First Lady—How very happy the bridegroom looks! Really it is pleasant to see a young man looking so joyful.

Second Lady—Hush! That's not the bridegroom; that's a gentleman the bride jilted six months ago.

Warned. A serious-minded New Yorker, who, because of his dignified outlook on life, has sent his son, aged twelve, to a particularly strict and proper boarding school in New England, unexpectedly visited the school last week. Ascertaining the location of his young hopeful's room, he climbed the four flights of stairs necessary to reach it—and entered. On a mammoth placard suspended from a steel engraving of "Washington and Generals" (presented to the school as a Christmas gift by his admiring parents) was the cheerful sentiment: "Don't spit on the ceiling. We have lost our ladder."

Snappy. "Ten cents' worth of canine pepper," said the little boy in the suburban store. "Canine!" echoed the astonished clerk. "Why, my little man, I guess you mean cayenne pepper." The little boy was doubtful. "Maybe I do, mister," he hesitated, "but mamma said it was the kind of pepper that had a sharp bite, so I thought it was 'canine.'"

EDITOR BROWNE Of The Rockford Morning Star.

"About seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give your Postum a trial.

"I had suffered acutely from various forms of indigestion and my stomach had become so disordered as to repel almost every sort of substantial food. My general health was bad. At close intervals I would suffer severe attacks which confined me in bed for a week or more. Soon after changing from coffee to Postum the indigestion abated, and in a short time ceased entirely. I have continued the daily use of your excellent Food Drink and assure you most cordially that I am indebted to you for the relief it has brought me.

"Wishing you a continued success, I am Yours very truly, J. Stanley Browne, Managing Editor."

Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly organized brain-workers simply cannot.

The drugs natural to the coffee berry affect the stomach and other organs and thence to the complex nervous system, throwing it out of balance and producing disorders in various parts of the body. Keep up this daily poisoning and serious disease generally supervenes. So when man or woman finds that coffee is a smooth but deadly enemy and health is of any value at all, there is but one road—quit.

It is easy to find out if coffee be the cause of the troubles, for if left off 10 days and Postum be used in its place and the sick and diseased conditions begin to disappear, the proof is unanswerable.

Postum is not good if made by short boiling. It must be boiled full 15 minutes after boiling begins, when the crisp flavor and the food elements are brought out of the grains and the beverage is ready to fulfill its mission of palatable comfort and renewing the cells and nerve centers broken down by coffee.

"There's a Reason." Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.